

Stand Up, Become Legend

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Summary: Fusion AU for both JoJo and Evangelion. Humanity is caught in a desperate war against the Angels in a world merged through the endless cycle of death and rebirth as well as an attempt to reach Heaven. Children, men, and women are brought together through destiny to make a Stand in the coming days.

1. Prologue

****United States of America, 1951****

On a snowy night in New York, a plain-looking car pulled to a stop on a dimly-lit alleyway. Soon, an elderly man stepped out, his boots crunching in the snow. His face was covered by a heavy scarf as well as a fur hat that replaced the fedora he normally wore. He briefly glanced at a crumpled piece of paper that contained his destination, then started his walk after pocketing the sheet. His boots crunched in the snow as he glanced at every store he passed, trying to find the place where he would meet his associates, for the lack of a better term. The man did not personally know them all that well, save for the fact that they were some of the finest scholars, theologians, and philosophers in the world and that they worked with his foundation from time to time. This would be his first time meeting them in person, and they were quite vague in their invitation. "The greatest undertaking in human history", he remembered the invitation that came in his mail as he wondered why they decided to hold their initial meeting in a run-down portion of New York that reminded him of the London street on which he met the man who turned his life around. _And why did I have to come alone, anyway?_ He wondered as he kept walking. _Shouldn't something be this important be shared with people outside of this circle?_

Soon, he found the place he was looking for, a small restaurant with most of the windows covered in thick curtains that blocked out the light from the inside. _Perfect mafioso hideout._ He thought, a sense of foreboding rose in him as he briefly paused outside the door. _I

hope this is worth it._ He pushed the door open and strode inside. A waitress greeted him as he took off his hat and scarf, revealing a weathered face with short graying blond hair and a scar that ran diagonally from his left cheek to the area between his bright blue eyes.

"Good evening, sir." A waitress with a cheap-looking uniform greeted him. "Table for one?"

"Someone's expecting me, actually." He said with the fading remnants of a English accent. "A Mr. Lorenz".

"Right this way, sir." The waitress guided him to a well-lit room that had twelve men sitting on a circular table, with a thirteenth spot left open. The room seemed pleasant enough, with moderately-priced furniture, potted plants that added a little cheer to the winter atmosphere, freshly-baked bread on the table, and a candle burning at the center of the table. Despite the appearance, the man could **ä€smellä€** something wrong with the room, or rather the people in the room. It was not their physical scent, per say, but rather a sense of reading people's character that the old man has kept ever since his Ogre Street days.

"Ah, Robert, so glad you could come." A bespectacled blond man with a grey suit and a German accent stood up and shook the old man's hand as the waitress left and closed the door behind her. "Dr. Keel Lorenz, a pleasure to meet you at last. I trust that your journey here was a pleasant one?"

"As pleasant as it could be in this weather." Robert replied as he did the best he could to hid his reaction to the unpleasant **ä€smellä€** in the room. "Although you have to forgive an old man for wondering why he has to walk alone in one of the least respectable parts of the city for this meeting."

"Secrecy, my friend." Keel wrapped his right arm around Robert's shoulders as he brought his left index finger to his lips and whispered near Robert's ear. "What we are discussing must not be leaked beyond this circle."

"Very well, then." Robert said as Keel guided him to his seat. "What is this all about?"

"Are you aware of the recent discoveries of the Dead Sea Scrolls?" Keel grinned as another man placed some file folders on the table. "The Speedwagon Foundation's support for the excavation was greatly appreciated."

"Those religious documents?" Robert asked. "They hardly seem that interesting."

"That's what we told the public, yes." Keel kept his grin which made Robert even more nervous. "There are, however, documents that we and the Foundation have kept secret. Documents that pertain to the true origins of life on Earth."

"What are you trying to get at?" Robert asked, hiding the fact that he was already briefed on the discoveries of the Secret Dead Sea Scrolls. "What do these ancient myths have to do with the so-called 'greatest undertaking'?"

"These 'ancient myths' would allow us to finally bring peace to this world!" Keel said loudly as he stood up as he swept his arms to his side. "With your money and the Speedwagon Foundation's talents, we can finally unify humanity within the next twenty years."

"You have to forgive me for my suspicions." Robert said as he noticed Keel's **~€smell~€•**becoming even more repulsive. "But how do you plan to accomplish world piece with documents that are a few thousand years old?"

"All in due time, my friend." Keel has he sat back down and crossed his legs while clasping his hands in front of his mouth. "We'll need you to sign a contract before we can give you any details. Do you agree?"

Robert quickly scanned the contract and noticed that the tone of the document was mostly religious in nature, as well as some unusual items. Namely, it was actually a founding charter for an organization named "SEELE" and that Keel Lorenz would be the leader of the group until his death. Another item stated the Speedwagon Foundation would hand over all Dead Sea Scrolls in their custody to SEELE. The third, and most unnerving item was the constant reference to something called "Instrumentality". Although Robert Edward O. Speedwagon is by no means clairvoyant, he could tell that under the facade of world peace, Keel and his group were no better than Dio. From the deepest corners of his heart, he knew that if he were to sign the charter that exuded a sinister aura, he would damn himself and his foundation to a path so dark, Jonathan Joestar would never forgive him. At that moment, he knew what his decision was.

"No. I refuse." Speedwagon stood up and gathered his belongings.

"Robert, wait! Didn't the two Great Wars cause enough suffering in humanity? Don't you see the divide between the East and West would doom us all?" Keel pleaded as he stood up and motioned for the other members of the circle to restrain Speedwagon. "The only way to save humanity is through Instrumentality, but you are walking away from it without even knowing what it is!"

"I don't need to know! I can tell that there is something sinister about this scheme." Speedwagon shook off the arms of two other SEELE members with a strength that did not fit his advanced age. "Do not ever contact me again, and the Speedwagon Foundation shall no longer work with any of you!"

With that, Speedwagon practically leaped out of the front door of the restaurant. He quickly made his way back to his car, where his driver was waiting.

"Didn't expect you back so early, Uncle Speedwagon." Joseph Joestar said as Speedwagon buckled himself into the seat beside the driver's seat. "Party didn't go that well?"

"Just take us to your mother's place, JoJo." Speedwagon said in between deep breaths. "We need to have a serious discussion."

Japan, 2005

"Daddy?" A young boy said as he sobbed, barely keeping his words together and shaking in his chair. "Why? Did I do something bad?"

The man, who had the beginnings of a beard and short messy dark hair, stared ahead, oblivious to the crying boy.

"Daddy, why am I being sent away?" The boy asked, still chocking from sobs and wiping tears. "I'll be a good boy, I promise. I'll do the chores, I'll do my homework every day, and I'll evenâ€¦"

"No." The father replied.

"Daddy?"

"You are not staying with me." The man said without even turning to face his son. "The decision has already been made. You are being sent to a relative of your mother's."

The boy, heartbroken at his failed attempt to convince his father, went from sobbing to a full-on cry. He wailed and wailed, but his father stood still like a statue, and his face was set at a neutral expression without a hint of change.

"Such a heartless man." A woman whispered to her husband. "Abandoning his son like that, and not even bothering to stop him crying."

"Should we call the police?" A girl in a high school uniform asked her friend. "Do you think this is the abuse the teachers were talking about?"

The man remained impassive and showed no reaction to the crying boy or comments from the nearby people. He let the boy cry and thrash in the chair for the next 10 minutes while he himself sat still like a statue. His reverie was finally interrupted when a younger man wearing a backpack, a vest that showed off his toned midriff and had pens for buttons, as well as what appeared to be a jagged green headband stepped in front of him.

"Hey, pal, you Gendo Ikari?" The newcomer asked, bending forward as he put his hands on his hips and spread his legs slightly more than shoulder-width. "I'm only doing this because one of Tomoko's son's friends kept nagging me about it, so let's get this over with."

"Very well, then." Gendo stood up and shook the man's hand. "Shinji? Take your bags and follow this man to the train. Don't even think about trying to follow me home."

"But, but, butâ€¦" Shinji finally managed to choke out those 3 words 2 minutes after his father's instructions. "He seems like a really meanâ€¦"

"Just go. I won't be taking care of you from now on." Mr. Ikari said quickly and with an edge in his tone. "Stop wasting this man's time over there and go."

"Listen, buddy! I actually bothered to learn your name, so I expect

the same courtesy from you too." The younger man began to raise his voice while pointing at himself with his right thumb. "The great Rohan Kishibe refuses to be treated like a damn nobody!"

Gendo Ikari remained impassive at the younger man's outburst, seemingly oblivious to the crowd that began to gather around them. His mouth began to twitch, and he slowly closed his left hand into a fist and kept it clenched even when his nails dug deep enough into his palm to draw blood.

"What's he doing?"

"Is he going to fight the young man?"

"Holy shit! That's Rohan Kishibe? Do you think I can get an autograph from him after the fight?"

Gendo remained still, seemingly ignoring the crowd around him while staring into the younger mangaka's eyes. Finally, he relaxed his fist and took a deep breath.

"My apologies, Mr. Kishibe. I did not mean to offend you." Gendo said flatly as if he never meant to apologize. "Please take Shinji to his mother's cousin and be on your way."

Before anybody in the crowd could react, Rohan grabbed Shinji by the hand and led him away to the train platform.

"Sorry, I'm not doing autographs today." Rohan said absentmindedly as he half-walked and half-dragged Shinji towards the train platform. "I'm on a personal errand for a friend."

After ten minutes, the train arrived, and the two got themselves settled comfortably in their seats.

For the next half-hour, Shinji did not move or talk, but simply stared outside the window in a daze. Rohan barely noticed the child's lack of movement as he took out a notebook and began sketching. Memories of the confrontation with the senior Ikari from earlier, as well as the sight of Shinji in front of him, all faded away as he filled page after page with sketches for future issues of Pink Dark Boy.

After travelling all over Japan and some parts of Siberia for the past two weeks, Rohan was glad he could go back to Morioh to translate what he saw into fresh panels for his ongoing masterpiece, which did not pause publication even in the dark days immediately following the Second Impact. If anything, Pink Dark Boy took him to new levels of fame as audiences around the world were inspired by the struggles of Rohan's characters and began to see the manga as a message of hope. He was one of the first non-government members to travel internationally after the Second Impact, and the first mangaka to do so to promote his work. Of course, Rohan cared for none of that since he just wanted to draw manga. If people saw some hidden message in his work, that was their problem, not his. As always, Rohan filled page after page with sketches and ideas without a care in the world. Not even a train derailment would stop his

"Excuse me, sir." A feminine voice pulled the mangaka out of his reverie. Rohan snapped his head up and found himself looking at a

woman in her 30s wearing a train attendant's uniform and a cart in front of her.

Wow, lunch time already? Rohan thought as he ordered some food for Shinji and himself as well as giving the attendant an autograph for her son. _Sometimes I wish I could trade Heaven's Door for a Stand that could slow down time. I can get more work done that way. A Stand that negates my need for food and sleep could also work._

With some coaxing from the mangaka, who didn't seem so mean anymore, as well as a grumbling belly, Shinji finally began to dig into his meal. After lunch was done, the child found himself drifting into a nap that was anything but peaceful, with him mumbling "mommy" and "daddy" once every few seconds.

Rohan poked Shinji a couple times to ensure that he was indeed sleeping and looked around to make sure no one was watching. Then, he took out his pen and quickly drew in the air. "Heaven's Door", he said softly, and a short humanoid form wearing a top hat and a trench coat materialized out of the air and laid its hand on Shinji. The child's flesh split open into countless thin slices and immediately gained the texture of paper while words appeared all over the "pages" that made up Shinji's body.

"All right, kid. Let's have a look." Rohan mumbled to himself as he flipped through the pages. "What kind of stuff in your life can I use for my manga?"

Rohan was quickly disappointed. Everything about Shinji's life was unbelievably bland. The child was brought up in a normal home, had parents with respectable careers, and had a normal childhood. From what he could read, both Gendo and Yui Ikari worked for some kind of advanced research laboratory. Hoping to find something that was remotely interesting, Rohan kept going through the pages until he stopped a little bit before the end. Rohan rubbed his eyes and refocused on the page, not believing what he's reading. On one hand, he was horrified as Shinji had to witness his mother literally dissolving inside what the child's memories describe as a "giant metal monster" while other adults desperately tried to save her. On the other hand, Rohan was morbidly fascinated by the memories and already began to plan out how to including this tidbit of information into his work. He was engrossed in reading about the former Yui Higashikata's death for a full hour before moving on to Shinji's memories of a father who grew cold and distant.

"Damn it, Koichi. This favour better be worth it" Rohan said as Heaven's Door turned Shinji's body back to normal. "At least he's not my problem to deal with after we get to Morioh."

A/N: Just an experimental piece I wanted to do. I might continue this later.

2. Chapter 1 - Touched by An Angel

A/N: Without further ado, here's the official chapter 1.

Guest: No, Ikari's last name shouldn't be Higashikata just because of Yui's last name. In the Rebuild movies, Yui Ayanami married into the Ikari family, and that's the approach I'm taking here. Besides,

since this is an AU, anything goes.

lolrus555: I really appreciated the positive comments! I hope you'll be thrilled with future chapters!

Mugiwara N0 Luffy: Being brought up by Josuke and Tomoko definitely had a positive impact on Shinji's life, but he still has abandonment issues with Gendo. The fic would delve into his issue, and I hope I can do it justice.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters. Evangelion belongs to Hideaki Anno and Studio Khara while JoJo's Bizarre Adventure belongs to Hirohiko Araki and Lucky Land Communications.

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Due to Morioh's location near the coast, it suffered severe flooding during the Second Impact that led to major property damage and loss of life. However, the aftermath of the disaster truly showed the character of its citizens. People eagerly took in their newly-homeless neighbours, and everyone rolled up their sleeves to help with the recovery and reconstruction efforts. When infrastructure damage and the disappearance of tourist revenue severely depleted Morioh's coffers, the people simply tightened their belts and continued to volunteer their time for the rebuilding process.

Among the volunteers was a motley group of high school students, led by one Josuke Higashikata, who did their work with almost superhuman levels of dedication. The mangaka Rohan Kishibe donated over half of his fortunes to help with the town's reconstruction and was commissioned by Morioh's mayor to produce several pieces of art to promote a post-recovery Morioh. Their experience with the recovery efforts inspired Josuke to pursue a career as a doctor and Okuyasu Nijimura to become a firefighter instead of enlisting in the fledgling JSSDF.

Morioh recovered from most of its losses by 2005 with a population of 58,654. Although its tourist income could not match pre-Second Impact levels at the time due to slowly-easing restrictions on international travel, the town experienced a boom in the high-tech sector that ultimately led to the establishment of Morioh University in 2009 with support from the Speedwagon Foundation. By 2015, Morioh's population reached 70,000, not counting the students, and tourist revenues was estimated to be on par with pre-Second Impact amounts. Antonio Trussardi's restaurant remains the sole Italian eatery in Morioh.

****July 2015****

Dr. Josuke Higashikata took a sip of water as he turned on the TV after a long day of work at Morioh's hospital. Although he received several offers after his residency from some of Japan's best hospitals at major urban centers, he elected to return to Morioh, the hometown he rarely saw ever since he left for university back in the beginning of the millennium. Morioh was still in the early stages of reconstruction when he left after spending time outside of school volunteering with the recovery efforts, but had made major strides every time Josuke returned until it became a bustling community that exceeded its former glory.

It was during one of those visits that Josuke noticed he gained a new little brother in the form of Shinji Ikari, who was sent to Morioh because his mother Tomoko was the only relative of Shinji's deceased mother that would take him in. Even though he couldn't come to Morioh that often, Josuke did his best to help his mom take care of Shinji over the course of the next 10 years until Shinji was summoned, and quite rudely so, back to Tokyo-3 by his father Gendo. Before Shinji left, however, Josuke helped Shinji break out of his shell and becoming more confident with the help of his friends and relatives who occasionally visited.

"Our thoughts are with the Japanese people during these difficult times. Now, more than ever, the nations of the world need to unite and take a stand against what could very well be our extinction." President Valentine of the United States addressed the reporters on TV. "The United States will provide full military support to the UN and NERV in order to defend humanity against the 'Angel' threat."

Every news channel was talking about the events in Tokyo-3 a couple of days ago, where a giant monster dubbed an "Angel" wreaked havoc across the city and tore through its defenses until it was finally stopped by a giant purple robot that tore it limb from limb. _That would look like a pretty cool Stand. _Josuke thought as he watched archive footage of the robot tearing past what appeared to be an orange hexagonal energy field with both hands before tackling the angel to the ground. Suddenly, his phone rang. Seeing the caller ID, Josuke grinned as he picked up the phone and muted the TV.

"How's it going, Shinji? I was just watching the news about what happened in Tokyo-3." Josuke said as he laid down on the couch. "You doing all right over there?"

"I just got out of the hospital, actually." Shinji's voice came from the phone. "You wouldn't believe the crap I had to go through ever since I got here."

[-]

****Two Days Ago, Tokyo-3****

"Major Katsuragi, you are late." Gendo said from atop his pedestal which was at least 40 meters higher than Misato's position. "Do you have the Third Child with you?"

"My sincere apologies, Commander Ikari." Misato Katsuragi gave a quick bow while remaining at the position of attention. "But I did bring Shinji with me, almost at the cost of my own life."

Taking that as his cue, the teenager who stood off to the side in the shadows strode forward into the view of his estranged father. Shinji had drastically changed ever since Gendo left him 10 years ago. Instead of the meek and wiry boy, there was a well-built young man who was around 168cm tall and exuded an air of confidence. Shinji had long since traded his bowl-cut for a mohawk that reached 3cm above his scalp. Although what he wore technically counted as his Tokyo-3 school's summer uniform, there were some major alterations. An image of an eagle was woven into the back of the white shirt in golden thread, while the shirt's front side was adorned with various pins

and badges, including a large badge depicting Morioh's crest sown onto the breast pocket. Shinji's black pants were immaculately pressed with creases that could cut a fly half if one landed on it. He wore a belt with a golden belt buckle that depicted a half-open eye and a simple pair of tennis shoes with bright red stripes. To Gendo, what was even more shocking than his appearance was his attitude.

"So, old man, you got a good reason for bringing me all the way out here after ditching me for so long?" Shinji suddenly flicked his head upwards towards Gendo, his expression neutral. "Or is it just so you can say hi?"

"I have need of you, Shinji." Gendo gripped his open jacket as floodlights behind him suddenly turned on. "Take a look behind you."

Shinji raised an eyebrow as he slowly pivoted on his feet in a 180-degree turn. His eyes grew wider as a massive mechanical head attached to a set of shoulders submerged in a red pool came into view. Shinji bent his left knee and splayed out his right leg behind him while raising his right palm in front of his face. Judging from the size of the head, Shinji estimated that it was for a giant robot which was at least 40 stories tall. The robot was mostly painted purple with a few green stripes all over the place, and vertical fins rose out of the robot's hunched shoulders. Instead of a human-like head with a straight neck, the head almost seemed feral and dragon-like with eyes at the sides and a massive horn on top. The fact that the neck was almost 45-degrees compared to the shoulders added to the robot's feral and ****menacing****nature. Shinji could practically see dark waves washing off the robot as he admired the thing with a sense of horror.

"Dad, I appreciate the gift and all that." Shinji called out even as he kept his odd lean. "But one: my birthday was about a month ago, and two: doesn't a robot like this come with a remote?"

"I could do without the sarcasm, Shinji. What you are looking at is no mere toy. It is Evangelion Unit 01, the greatest war machine constructed in human history." Gendo said coldly as he went from gripping his jacket to gripping the handrail in front of him while leaning forward. "There isn't a remote, by the way. You'll be going into the thing and piloting it against the Angel."

"You do realize I don't have a driver's license or any training, right?" Shinji said as he straightened himself and turned around to face Gendo. "How am I supposed fight that Angel or kaiju or whateverthehell you call it if I can't even drive a car?"

"It seems the Third Child is quite hostile towards you, Commander." An old man with a head full of gray hair whispered in Gendo's ear. "Should we?"

"Bring her, Vice Commander Fuyutsuki." Gendo said in his usual emotionless tone. "Perhaps this should get him to be more cooperative."

"Reconfigure Unit One for the first child!" Ritsuko Akagi called out as various techs scrambled to their stations while Fuyutsuki related instructions into a hand-held radio.

Soon enough, a medical orderly came into the room along with a gurney that had an IV bag mounted on a rack. The slender girl on the gurney was what caught Shinji's eye. She had light, chin-length blue hair, bright red eyes, and wore a white sleeveless skin-tight outfit with the number "00" stenciled on the front. The clothing reminded Shinji of a wet suit. Shinji would have found her attractive, if it wasn't for the fact that she was clearly in pain and had bandages on her arms, around her head, and over one of her eyes.

She looks around my age, so what's she doing here? Shinji wondered as the orderly removed the IV needle from her left arm. _No, don't tell me they're sending her out there! Dad, youâ€¦!_

Before Shinji could finish his thought, the entire facility shook with a massive rumble which threw the girl off the gurney. The supporting struts for one of the light fixtures overhead snapped, sending the massive lamp plummeting down towards Shinji's head. Shinji noticed the strange shadow growing beneath his feet and quickly looked up towards the deadly debris headed in his direction. Even though the lamp was falling too quickly for Shinji to form any conscious thought, he quickly stepped to the side to get out of the way, even though the impact of the lamp against the ground would have sent glass and metal shards flying at everyone around the lamp and cause Shinji and others serious injuries. At the same time Shinji moved, his survival instincts, along with his subconscious frustrations, kicked into overdrive and caused a round, insect-like being to flash into existence right above him.

The strange creature, which was slightly bigger than Shinji's head, resembled a ladybug with a pitch-black shell and yellow spots on top. The creature's head, if it had one, nestled deep within a hole at the front of the shell, with bright red eyes peering out of the hole. The creature drifted upwards towards the falling lamp, and with a subconscious command from Shinji, changed the colour of the spots to red. The lamp made contact with the creature, wrapping itself around the tough carapace. Any debris that would have broken off by the impact was instead pulled towards the carapace, preventing any stray missiles from hitting the people below. The creature then drifted towards the ground in an attempt to place the lamp gently on the surface, but Shinji noticed that various wires, lights, and other looser items seemed to be attracted towards the creature as well. Without even thinking, Shinji ordered the creature to change the spots back to yellow, and the ceiling fixtures became still again.

"What the hell was that?" Shigeru Aoba asked while the other staff wondered the same thing. "How the hell did that lamp stop in mid-air like that?"

Guess they can't see the Stand that did it. Things are going to get interesting with another Stand user around. Misato thought as she surveyed the damage. _I wonder if the Commander knows._

As soon as the broken lamp was set on the floor, Shinji rushed towards the girl's side and knelt down beside her.

"Are you OK?" Shinji asked. "Don't tell me you're seriously going to pilot that thing."

"It's the Commander's orders." The girl replied weakly. "I have to pilot the Eva."

The girl weakly tried to get up while gasping for air, but quickly fell back down as Shinji caught her before she could hit the ground. While in his arms, the girl started coughing like a late-stage lung cancer patient. Soon enough, she hacked up a blood that stained her white suit.

Dad, what the hell happened to you? Shinji thought as he held the girl. _There's no way I'm going to let this girl go out there._

When the girl stopped coughing, he helped her get back onto the gurney. Her breathing relaxed considerably as she laid back down. Meanwhile, Shinji turned towards Gendo's direction with a neutral face, but with a fire burning in his eyes.

"All right, dad. I'll do it." Shinji said as he put his open left palm in front of his face while pointed towards Gendo with his right hand. "But I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing this so that poor girl there doesn't have to."

"Good." Gendo smiled. "Doctor Akagi, please prepare the Third Child for embarkation."

"Come this way." Ritsuko gestured Shinji to follow her towards the Eva Unit. "You're going to need to take off all your pins first, though."

[=====]

Man, that Angel only looks a bit less freaky from here. Shinji thought as the Evangelion Unit 01 arrived on the surface after being transported by a giant elevator. The Angel, or "Sachiel" as the NERV staff dubbed it, had a roughly humanoid shape with broad shoulders covered by bone, unusually long arms and legs, and as an external ribcage wrapped around a glowing red orb. Its original bird-like face was cracked and pushed off to the side after a failed attempt to stop the creature with an N2 mine. The Angel's new face, which as more or less a circle with two red eyeholes, stared at the newly arrived Eva Unit **~***menacingly***~**while Shinji also stared it down, waiting for each other to make the first move.

"Pilot Ikari," Gendo's voice came over the radio. "Engage the enemy."

Slowly and surely, Shinji began to step forward while the Angel did the same thing. Suddenly, Sachiel sprinted forward while extending a long sharp piece of bone from its right arm in an attempt to impale the Eva. Shinji simply waited for the Angel to get closer before sidestepping \ grabbing the bony lance with the Eva's left hand, and following up with several well-placed elbow blows to the creature's face. The Angel's face began to crack under Shinji's relentless assault.

Guess those schoolyard fights came in handy. Shinji reminisced about his stand against the bullies who made fun of him for more or less being an orphan. _This is easier than I thought._

Suddenly, Shinji felt a sharp pain at his side. When he shifted the

Eva's gaze towards the mecha's left flank, he realized that he was impaled by a second, far sharper, bony lance that came from Sachiel's left arm. Before Shinji could do anything, both bony lances started giving off a purple glow, which set off burning sensations in Shinji's left hand and his insides. Shinji screamed in pain as he let go of the right lance and started to twist back and forth, sometimes even moving the Angel the lances were attached to.

"Pilot's sync ratio is reaching 75%!" Ibuki called out from her console. "The Third Child's pain level is only to get worse from this point!"

_Oh, no. _Misato thought as she stared wide-eyed at the screen while fiddling with her cross pendant with both her hands. _At this rate, Shinji's going to collapse, and we won't have another pilot ready in time._

"Ikari! There's a progressive knife in the left shoulder pylon!" Ritsuko called out. "Try to use that to cut the Eva loose!"

Heeding Doctor Akagi's instructions, grimaced as he pressed a button which opened a storage compartment on the left shoulder pylon. He then took out a massive serrated knife which resembled a standard-issue JSSDF combat knife and started hacking away at the bony lance stuck inside Eva Unit 01. Sachiel roared as it moved its right bony lance like a piston and used it to land repeated strikes on the Eva Unit's face. Shinji continued to scream that was more rage at that point than pain and continued to hack away at the left lance despite the repeated pounding he felt on his head. Soon enough cracks appeared in the bone, which continued to grow until the piece of bone finally broke off, losing the glow in the process. Shinji yelled again as he swiftly twisted and smacked the Angel on the side with the long piece of the bone that jutted out from the Eva. In response, the Angel let loose a massive energy beam from its eyes that completely engulfed Evangelion Unit 01 before Shinji could have time to react.

"No!" Maya held back tears while the rest of the NERV staff held similar shocked expressions. "It's all over."

"Wait!" Misato called out. "Look at the smoke."

On screen, the silhouette of Evangelion Unit 01 could be seen proudly standing through the smoke with a shimmering orange energy shield arrayed in a hexagonal pattern. Behind the Eva, a massive cross-shaped scar was branded on the surface of Tokyo-3. The Eva was about to pull out the bony lance before Misato stopped him.

"Shinji, wait!" Misato called out. "If you pull it out, the Eva Unit will continue to lose LCL until it's no longer functional!"

Right! Basic first aid, with LCL being the equivalent of the Eva's blood and all. Shinji slapped his head as he remembered Ritsuko's quick explanation on the nature of the reddish breathable liquid. _Better cut off the long end then._

In attempt to buy more time, Shinji started running around the battlefield while hacking off the bony lance. Every time the Angel would have caught up to him, Shinji quickly darted off to the side while continuing to chip away at the offending foreign object,

ignoring a strange snapping sound that happened when cracks first appeared on the bone stuck in the Eva. Soon, he was able to carve off the long end and held it in his right hand like a sword.

"Shinji, the power cable came off while the Angel chased you around!" Misato called out again. "You only have 4 minutes and 50 seconds of power remaining."

"Damn it!" Shinji yelled in frustration as he threw the bony lance at the Angel, hoping to impale it. "This just isn't my day!"

Shinji's attack failed as the improvised dart was smacked to the ground by the Angel, who then rapidly pumped up the muscles in its arms and legs before rushing forward and pinning Shinji against a massive steel barrier. It then used its remaining lance to keep striking Shinji's head.

Dammitdammitdammit! Shinji thought as he tried to punch off the Angel to no avail. _Get the hell off of me, you freak!_

Soon, the Angel's strikes created a crack in the Eva's head armor, which translated to Shinji feeling like his head was going to split open. It was at that moment when he noticed that the strange creature he somehow summoned earlier was by his side again.

How long has that thing been here? Shinji thought as the Angel continued its strikes. _Maybe I could use it to beat that Angel._

Shinji ordered the creature to travel outside the Evangelion while continuing to try to push the Angel off. The creature phased through the Eva's armor plates, and stopped in front of the Angel's face. The Angel seemed oblivious to the insect-like, thing floating in front of it.

_So it can't see my _**_ã€•****_pet****_ã€•._**_then._ Shinji thought. _Let's see what I can do with it._

"Cranial armour integrity at 40% and dropping!" Maya called out from her readouts. "Remaining battery life: four minutes."

Wait, what's that? Misato thought as she looked at her own tactical display. _Looks like Shinji called out his Stand again._

The Stand drifted down between the Angel's legs and behind it towards the abandoned street. With a silent command from Shinji, the spots on the creature turned red. Soon, debris started flying towards the insectoid Stand's black carapace.

The thing attracted that fallen lamp earlier. Shinji thought as he put up a token resistance to conserve his strength and focus on using his Stand. _Maybe I can use the_**_ã€•****_pet's****_ã€•._**_gravity to pry this thing off of me._

While smaller debris were attracted towards the Stand, with any pieces that landed on the spots being impaled by spikes coming out of those spots, the Angel would not budge and continued its assault.

"Cranial armour integrity at 20%!" Maya called again. "Remaining

battery life: three minutes."

Damn it! This isn't working! Shinji thought. _I gotta somehow make the force of attraction stronger. Ok, Shinji, just like Old Ben from that movie said: "Use the Force."_

Shinji's mental efforts only made the creature grow in size, while his headache got even worse from the combination of the Angel's assaults and the spiritual strain of using a Stand in these conditions.

Damn it, it's only getting bigger, not stronger! wait a minute. _Shinji thought as he focused on making the Stand grow bigger. _That's right! That science class back in Morioh! The larger a planet's mass, the stronger the gravitational pull!_

"Cranial armour integrity at 5%!" Maya called again, this time seemingly holding back a sob. "Remaining battery life: two minutes."

Come on, buddy. Get bigger! Shinji pushed on with his mental efforts despite the intensifying headache. _Just a little more and we'll show this bastard what for!_

Soon enough, entire buildings collapsed around Shinji's Stand, which was now about the size of a JSSDF Type 10 tank. The Angel began to feel the Stand's effects and collapsed backwards on top of the growing pile of debris.

I get what Shinji is doing now! A light bulb went off inside Misato's head. _By increasing the size of the Stand, he's building up enough force to pull the Angel off of him so he can go back on the offensive!_

"Angel has ceased its assault! Cranial armour integrity at 0.5%" Maya called out with relief in her voice. "One minute of battery life remaining!"

Seizing the opportunity, Shinji dismissed the Stand before it could pull the steel barrier on top of him and tacked the semi-downed Angel. The remaining minute was a haze as he felt himself and Eva becoming one and pounded on the Angel. He somehow felt the red orb at the center of its torso was an inviting target, so he focused his attention on that. The Eva Unit gripped the Angel's external ribcage and tore it off its body, spilling large amount of purplish-blue blood in the process. In a fit of rage, Shinji/Unit 01 jammed two halves of the severed ribcage into the orb, creating cracks on the surface of the object the disembodied bone was supposed to protect. After getting past a strange binding sensation, Shinji widened his mouth and felt the Eva do the same thing. Then, he bit into the red orb, spilling a strange red liquid in the process. Sachiel, sensing its time was up, lit up its eyes and pinned the Eva against itself. A massive explosion soon enveloped the site, causing the Angel and Unit 01 to disappear from view.

"Data feed lost!" Shigeru Aoba called out. "Unit 01 status is unknown!"

Don't tell me that Angel took Shinji with him. Misato thought as she bit her lips before she gave her next order. "Dispatch

observation drones towards the site of the explosion to determine status!"

Several toaster-sized quad-copters equipped with high-definition video cameras flew out of miniature hangars hidden below Tokyo-3's roads and flew towards the explosion site. After getting past the smoke screen, the drones captured the image of Eva Unit 01 slumped on top of the rubble mound, its surface armour completely melted off, exposing the metallic skull and semi-organic eyes. The mouth bindings were broken off, and burned traces of the red liquid can be seen on its jaws. Although the drones could not detect the extent of the damage because of the Eva's prone position, it could see hints of the heavily charred and melted frontal armour. As for Sachiel, the Angel is nowhere to be seen, with the only remnant being the discarded bone lance laying several hundred meters away.

"Commence search and rescue operations!" Misato called out as the control room erupted in cheers, except for the elder Ikari and Fuyutsuki. "Current priority is pilot's retrieval!"

Did I do it? Shinji thought as he opened his eyes, staring at a blank viewscreen. _Man, that Angel was one ugly motherâ€¦|_

Before he could finish the thought, Shinji was hit by pure darkness.

****Two Days Laterâ€¦|****

An unfamiliar ceiling. Shinji thought as he opened his eyes weakly before passing out again. _This definitely isn't my room in Morioh._

When he opened his eyes again, he noticed two faces on the sides of his field of view. One was the blue-haired girl from earlier, while the other was Misato, the nice young woman who picked him up from the burnt husk of a SPW gas station and served as his guide throughout the battle with the Angel.

"Oh, you're awake! Thank God!" Misato reached down to hug him.

"Major Katsuragi, perhaps it is not the best idea to hold the Third Child so tightly." The pretty blue-haired girl said quietly and calmly. "You could further aggravate his injuries."

"Right. Sorry, Rei. I was just happy he woke up, that's all." Misato smiled and scratched the back of her head as she sat back down on her chair. "So, Shinji, how're you feeling?"

"Better, if you don't count the concussion." Shinji said as he sat up in his bed. "How long was I out for anyway?"

"Two days." Rei said. "The cause of your coma is a mystery to the medical staff, but we think we know why."

"The creature you summoned is called a Stand. As far as we know, Rei and I are the only two people in NERV who can see it." Misato picked up from Rei. "Trying to change the Stand's size causes tremendous mental strain, which only gets worse when the Stand becomes bigger. The strain of that first battle must have caused your mind to

overload and shut down as a safety measure."

"That explains the killer headache I got when I was trying to make it grow." Shinji said. "So, what's going to happen now? Do I get to go back to Morioh? Or does the old man still need me?"

"Unfortunately, you can't go back yet. That Angel was the first of many to come, and we need Eva pilots like you to protect this city." Misato said. "As much as your father may be unpleasant, Shinji, he does have weight of the world on his shoulders, and I hope you can see that in time."

"Well, I guess I might as well stay, since the old man is probably going to pull me back here anyway." Shinji sighed as he turned towards the blue-haired girl. "Sorry, I never got your name."

"Ayanami. Rei Ayanami." Rei replied. "I'm the First Child and the pilot of Eva Unit 00."

"Nice to meet you, Rei." Shinji said as he shook her hand. "So, when can I leave this hospital? And where am I going to live anyway?"

[=====]

"Damn, cuz. I can't believe you were the one who took down that freak in Tokyo-3!" Josuke said over the phone. "And the fact that you got your Stand? Wow!"

"Tell me about it, cousin Josuke." Shinji spoke into his phone at Misato's apartment. "I don't know what's more bizarre, that I'm now a mecha pilot like those shows I watched or that I have my very own spiritual guardian with gravity powers."

"You got a name for your Stand yet?" Josuke asked.

"Yeah, I think I do." Shinji replied. "My Stand's name is Black Hole Sun."

[=====]

****Little Shinji in Morioh****

"Yo, Angelo!" Josuke said as he walked past the strange face-shaped rock with Shinji in tow.

"Where are we going, cousin?" Shinji asked meekly as he followed along on Morioh's streets.

"We're going to meet a few good pals of mine." Josuke smiled as he replied. "I'm sure they'd be thrilled to meet you!"

Soon enough, Josuke and Shinji reached a restaurant with an open patio. Three people sat at one of the tables. The first one was a tall man who was busy biting into a hamburger, and he wore a t-shirt that said "Morioh Fire & Rescue" along with cargo pants with the word "Billion" stitched on the sides. The man had scars on his face that formed an "X" pattern as well as hair dyed silver on the sides of his head and a small pompadour on top. The second man was sipping

from a tall glass of milkshake through a straw, and he wore a simple collared shirt with the letter "E" on the left breast pocket, jeans, and sneakers. He was very short and had silver hair. The third person was a young woman with long black hair, a shapely body, and a feminine, attractive face. She was sipping through a straw the same glass of milkshake as the second man while wrapping her left arm around his shoulder. She was much taller than her lover and wore a plain green sundress that hugged her figure and a pair of sandals.

"Hey, hey! Look who's back in town!" The first man looked up with a grin and dropped his burger on the plate. "Long time no see, Josuke!"

"Good to see you again, Okuyasu!" Josuke smiled as the two got into a bear hug. "Good to see you too, Koichi. Yukako."

"Looks like the old gang's back together." Koichi said as he stood up to greet Josuke. "Say, who's the kid with you?"

"Everyone, this is my little cousin, Shinji." Josuke said as he sat down on an empty chair while motioning for Shinji to do the same thing. "Shinji, these are my two best friends, Okuyasu Nijimura and Koichi Hirose. Plus here's Koichi's girlfriend Yukako Yamagishi."

"FiancÃ©e, actually." Yukako said as she pointed towards herself. "Koichi and I got engaged last month!"

"I was about to get to that, Yukako dear." Koichi blushed as he smiled nervously. "It's nice to meet you, Shinji."

"S-same h-h-here, M-mr. H-hirose." Shinji said as he looked down towards his lap.

"Don't mind him, Koichi." Josuke said. "He's just a little shy."

"Dude, he's so adorable." Okuyasu said. "Come on, buddy. Peek-a-boo!"

"WAAAA! SCARY YAKUZA MAN!" Shinji screamed as he dived under the table.

This is just plain great. Josuke thought as he tried to comfort Shinji while trying to explain that Okuyasu was a firefighter, not a thug. _It's going to be real hard trying to convince him to break out of his shell._

[=====]

Stand Name: Black Hole Sun - Act 1

User: Shinji Ikari

Power: D

Speed: E

Range: A

Endurance: A

Precision: C

Development Potential: A

Black Hole Sun takes the appearance of a round creature most closely resembling a ladybug. The outer shell is coloured black with several gold spots with two red eyes peering from within a hole at the "front" of the shell. The user is able to activate or deactivate Black Hole Sun's power, which is an intense gravitational field (exact strength unknown) that affects all around it except the user, who has no control over what gets attracted by the Stand or the direction of the gravitational field. If the gravitational field is active, the spots become red. Similar to a planet, the strength of the field is inversely proportional to distance from the Stand. The size of the Stand also affects the strength of the field. Once an object makes contact with the Stand's surface, spikes would erupt from the spots. Although slow moving, the Stand's carapace is capable of withstanding tremendous amounts of punishment.

A/N: Reviews are more than welcome.

End
file.